

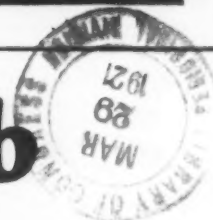
March 26, 1921

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Leslie's



Facing My New Job by President Harding



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Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; ex-Governor Ferris, of Michigan; and thousands of others of equal prominence.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely

eking out a living. Today this young man is worth \$200,000. He built a \$25,000 home—and paid cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who a few years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black. Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his. I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this, as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you. I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert

ourselves. What our wills need is practice. Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive, not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing. But if you feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over four hundred thousand others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only \$4.00 and you and I'll be square. If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a four-dollar sale. But you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I.

Mail the coupon or write a letter now—you may never read this offer again.

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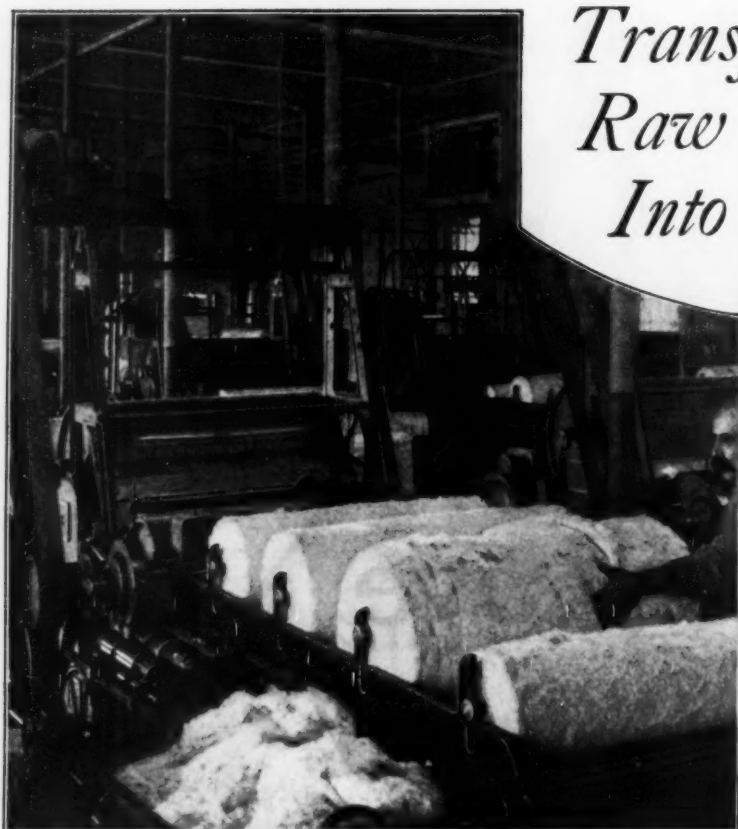
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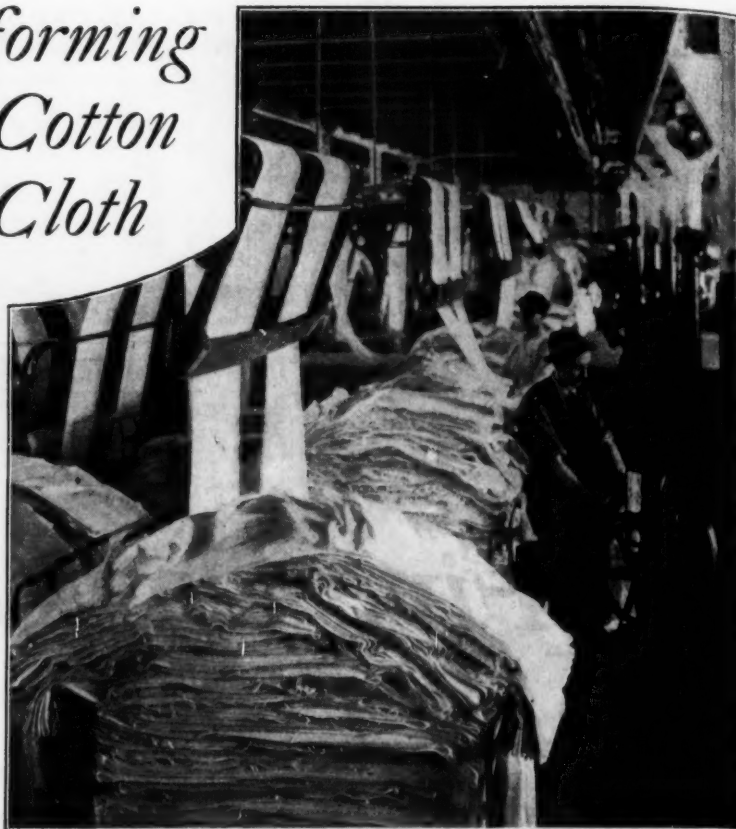
Address.....

Transforming Raw Cotton Into Cloth



Cotton Must Come "Prepared"

Cotton must pass an entrance examination before it can be admitted to the mill. The raw material is put through these rollers, where the inferior stuff is rejected.



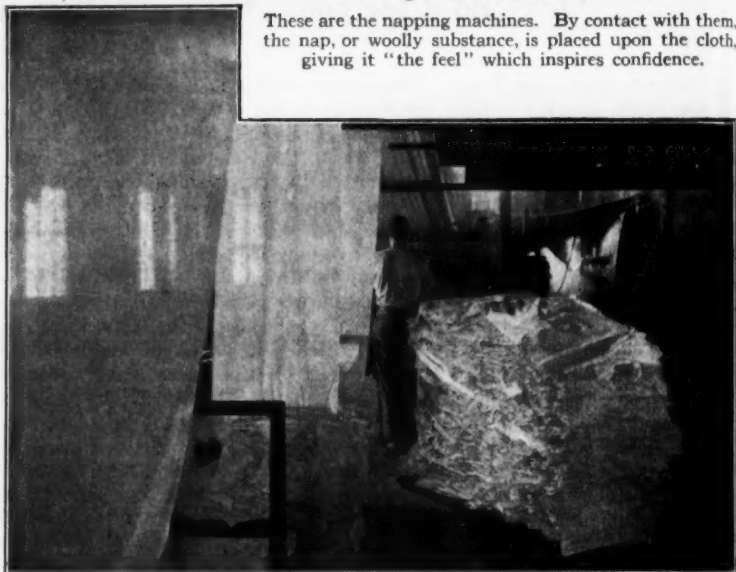
Making a "Nice Piece of Goods"

These are the napping machines. By contact with them, the nap, or woolly substance, is placed upon the cloth, giving it "the feel" which inspires confidence.



Putting the Color on Cloth

Here are the printing presses. As paper is fed to news presses, cotton-cloth is fed to these. By use of the three-color process combinations innumerable result.

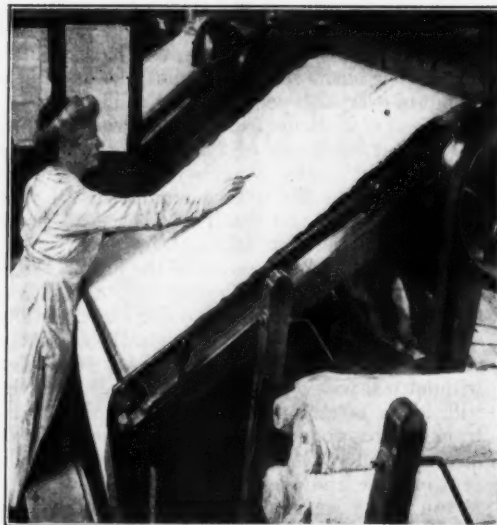


After Printing, the Vapor Bath

That which looks like a steam laundry has some of a laundry's functions. Here newly printed cotton is treated to a vapor bath and then hung up to dry.

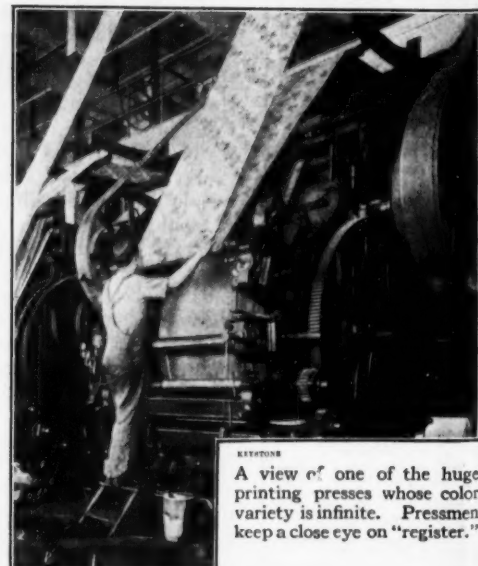


This is the color-mixer, of whose efforts shoppers say, "That's pretty" or "That's hideous," as their tastes run.



Just Naturally a Woman's Job

Trust a woman to spot blemishes in cloth, if any are there. Hers is the duty of giving the final inspection before the product leaves the factory for the trade.



A view of one of the huge printing presses whose color variety is infinite. Pressmen keep a close eye on "register."



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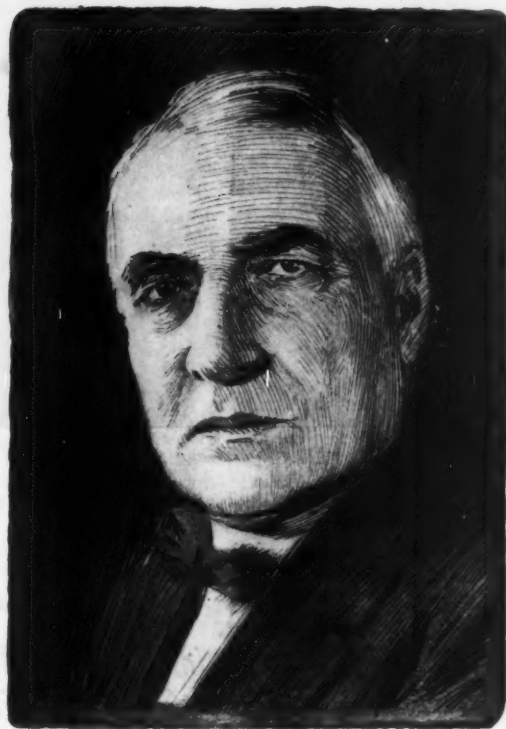
Leslie's

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES



Published by the Leslie-Judge Co.
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"A man is not elevated to the Presidency for what he has done. No man may hope actually to earn that high reward. He is elected by the faith of a people in what he can do."



ETCHED FOR LESLIE'S AFTER A PHOTO BY EDMONSTON ©

Warren G. Harding

"Our system makes the President both nominal sovereign and actual executive. It seems no other office could impose such limitless demands. Responsibility becomes his alter ego."

The Responsibility and the Man

*What It Means to Face My Big, New Job of Guiding
the Nation's Destiny from the White House*

By PRESIDENT WARREN G. HARDING

I FEEL that no such solemn hour can confront a man as that in which he takes his oath of office as President of the United States; the hour in which he assumes so much of the responsibility for a great nation for four years—each day of which is a judgment day at the hands of the people.

A man is not elevated to the Presidency for what he *has* done. No man may hope actually to earn that high reward.

He is elected by the faith of a people in what he *can* do. To justify this faith he must consecrate the four years of his administration to unswerving, devoted, conscientious, patriotic service. To do so requires that the President shall in a fashion cease to be a mere individual.

Complete self-effacement seems to me almost the first requisite. A President belongs to the nation.

No man, I believe, can assume so great a responsibility, bringing with it powers and authority which he had not formerly possessed, without being in some measure himself changed by the realization of his new relation.

Particularly is this true of the Presidency, an office wherein his task becomes a part of him; he becomes, in a very real sense, the instrument of his work.

Our system makes the President both nominal sovereign and actual executive. It seems no other office could impose such limitless demands. Responsibility becomes his *alter ego*.

And throughout it all he must keep his vision clear, and ever strive to clarify the vision and interpret the purpose of the nation.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." I venture likewise that

Peace hath her struggles, no less bitterly waged, no less relentlessly fought, than those of active warfare.

It is into such a struggle of Peace that a man enters when he is inducted into the office of President, a struggle in which the forces of wrong are arrayed against the forces of right, of error against the forces of wisdom. For it is given to no man, be he President or no, always to discern clearly between right and wrong, between the wise and the false courses.

That is true, because there are seldom any absolute standards; because right and wrong, wisdom and unwisdom, are commonly intermingled in human affairs.

A President must seek the counsel of those in whom he has confidence, must make his own mind the meeting point for many minds, must hold himself free from prejudice and personal bias, and must keep always in mind that though he is a party leader, he must be more than that.

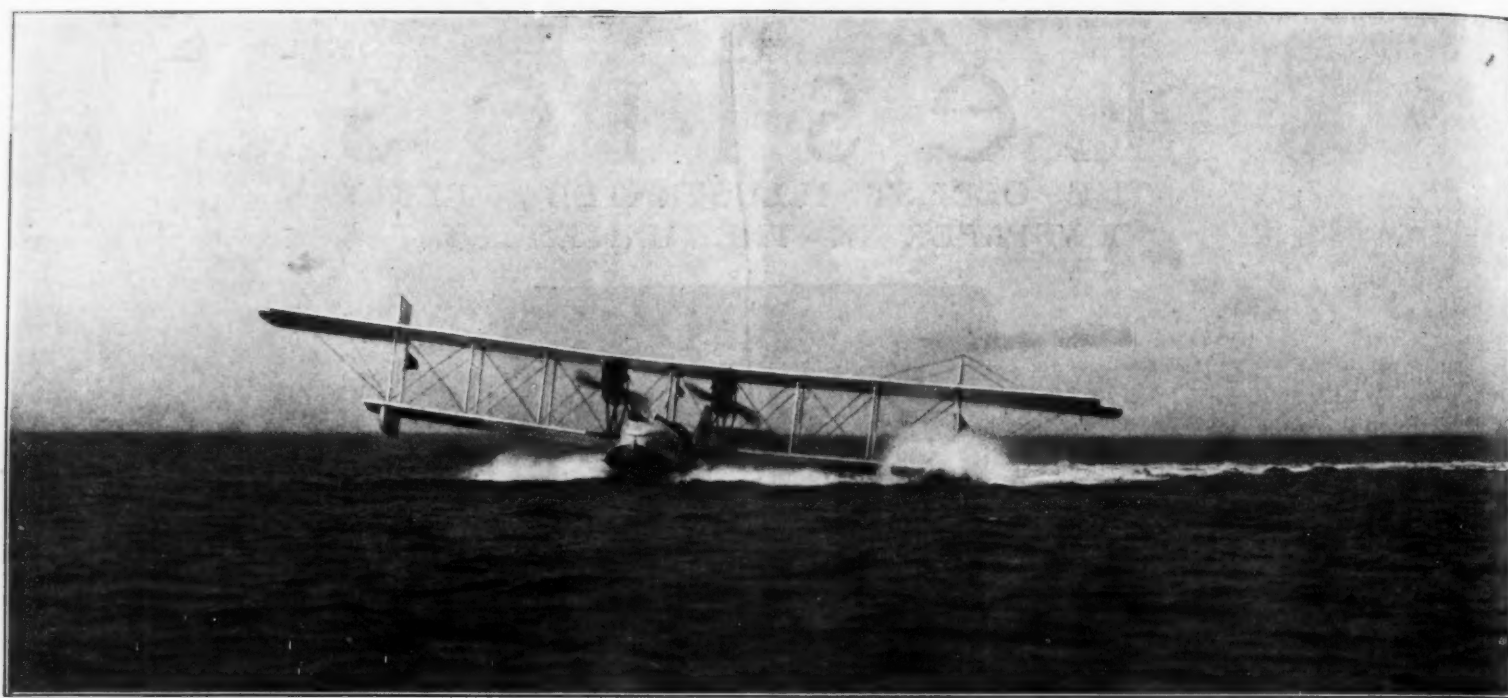
His vision must be as broad as the nation, as inclusive as all the range of its interests and problems.

He must turn to divine guidance, without which no battle is ever won.

He has need to be patient always, unfaltering in fortitude, unwavering in his belief that the right will win.

He must construct out of the influences of his daily life the justification for that faith which the people have placed in him, trusting at last to emerge from the struggle one of the victors of peace.

This is my ideal of the Presidency. I shall never cease in my earnest endeavors to live up to it.



Big, Beautiful and Spectacular, but No Good in a Fight

This seaplane, similar to types favored for war use by the navy, would be worse than useless in battle. It can not take off the water in a choppy sea, and it can not be launched

from the deck of a vessel. Its cumbersome hull makes it slow and clumsy on the wing. With such "fair weather" types of planes our great fleet is now "protected."

The Winged Revolution

Impending Changes in Our Aviation Policy Which Mean Real Aerial Security for America

By Major KENNETH PROCTOR LITTAUER

Formerly Chief of Air Service, Third Army Corps, A. E. F.

IN spite of the enormous sums expended during the last two years by the Democrats for national defense projects, the United States today is wide open to attack all along its most vulnerable frontier.

The aerial reaches which bound this country are without defenses.

Under the former Administration, Congress last year asked the taxpayers for over a hundred million dollars for the maintenance of aerial security during the twelve months ending June 1, 1921.

And still we have no aerial defense system worthy the name, while there are at least two powers in the world today who could destroy any one of our coastal cities, not excepting New York, inside of twenty-four hours after the launching of an attack. They could do this with deadly gas and high-explosive aerial bombs. They would meet with no effective resistance. Our two-billion-dollar Army and Navy would be powerless to interfere.

Here is a startling paradox bequeathed us by our late Administration. We have today an Army stronger than any peace-time establishment ever maintained in this country. We have a naval policy which, within two years, will make us the first sea-power of the world. And yet we are practically defenseless against any first-class power because we can not defend our aerial frontiers.

But times have changed since March 4th. Big reforms are afoot. Not the least of these has to do with the question of aerial security.

Seeing a golden opportunity in the advent of the new Administration, the Air Services of the Army and the Navy have drawn up a declaration of independence and have come out in open revolt against the authority of the ancient lords of land and sea. They have declared a "winged revolution" against the authority of Army and Navy bureaucracy, and are pleading for aerial "self-determination."

They demand the separation of the Air Service from the War and Navy Departments; they ask the merging of all government air activities under one Department of Aeronautics, and they seek the appointment of a Secretary of the Air to round out the Cabinet of President Harding. They justify their attitude on the ground that recognition of their demands alone will

afford the nation security from aerial aggression. They add that the policy they propose is proven sound by experience and that the separate system of air defense they would set up will not only be more efficient but less costly than the system favored and fostered by the last Administration.

There is a notable precedent for the situation they have precipitated. The first "winged revolution" took place in England during the war. The upshot was the merging of the British Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service into the present Royal Air Force, co-equal with the British Army and Navy, headed by a member of the Ministry, the Secretary for Air, and

administered by a separate Department of the British Government.

Before it was a year old the Royal Air Force signally justified its existence. It effectually checked the German air attacks over England and, before the end of the war, stopped them entirely, an achievement which the divided air branches of the British Army and Navy had vainly attempted for three years.

Today the Royal Air Force is generally accepted as Britain's first and chiefest line of defense. Placing her main reliance for defense on the aerial arm, Great Britain, for the first time since the days of Drake, is placidly allowing another power to assume the fighting supremacy of the seas.

But meanwhile she is developing a tremendous air fleet. Already she holds the undisputed title of "Mistress of the Air," as, in the past, she has held that of "Mistress of the Seas."

Two and two make four. England has reversed her centuries-old naval policy and has voluntarily relinquished control of the high seas. She has established an independent aerial arm and has assumed dominion of the air. Add those two items and the sum spells, to any elementary arithmetician, the death-knell of sea-power throughout the world and the advent of the integral air-force as a prime factor in world dominion.

It would seem, however, that our late Secretary of the Navy was a mighty poor hand at figures when he pooh-poohed the idea of the airplane as a dangerous rival of the battleship.

Perhaps his expert advisers failed to call attention to the following significant bit of news which recently reached Washington. There is no question of the pathetic tale's authenticity. It was related by a French naval authority and the facts are official.

The story runs something like this: On a recent date, the admiral commanding the British North Sea Fleet accepted a challenge from the commander of certain British air units to engage in sham battle. The air commander informed the admiral, true to the British tradition of sportsmanship, just when and where he would attack the fleet. The battleships were ready for action, with their lookouts scanning the sky when the air-raiders approached at an altitude of 22,000 feet. Before the anti-aircraft guns on the ships could find the



NEW AIRCRAFT 1921.

The Battleship's Deadliest Foe

A big army bombing plane, capable of mounting a 3-inch cannon and carrying a 1500-pound bomb. A destroyer of the air like this, launched from a coastal airdrome, could sink an enemy vessel two hundred miles out at sea.

range the first bombs were dropped. These burst when they struck the water and released dense clouds of smoke, effectually blinding the entire fleet and silencing the guns. The admiral ordered full steam ahead to escape the smoke screen and when the fleet of eighteen ships emerged into the sunlight eighteen airplanes were discovered, flying very low, one plane directly over each ship, within point-blank bombing range. The referee then and there decided that the entire fleet was destroyed. The action took only half an hour.

The helpless situation of that British fleet parallels the situation of America's navy as it is today and as it will be in 1923 unless something is done to improve our aviation policy.

"So great now is the menace of airplane attack against a fleet," Admiral Sims told Congress last month, "that when our ships now under construction are completed they will be of little use in contact with another fleet unless they are adequately equipped with aircraft. There is no doubt of the defeat of the fleet without them."

Admiral Sims's statement takes on added significance when it is considered that there was nothing in the Navy program sponsored by Secretary Daniels to provide for aerial combat. Nor does the Navy today possess a single squadron of fighting airplanes to protect it from hostile bombing aircraft. Its program looks only toward the construction of clumsy surveillance and artillery observation planes which, in time of war, could not hold the air half an hour against an up-to-date air-power.

What is true of the Navy is true in a lesser degree of the Army. The Army Air Service is fortunate in having at its head officers who saw fighting service in France, who proved their capacity under war conditions, and who have been awake, in the light of their active experience, to the dangers of the situation. They are the leading spirits behind the "winged revolution," and they are moving heaven and earth to provide this country with adequate aerial defenses, both over land and over sea. But it has been hard sledding. Their political chiefs and their bureaucratic superior officers have proved singularly unresponsive to any idea which presented a combination of efficiency and economy.

In fact, a large share of the direct blame, if not of the ultimate responsibility, for the hapless state of our air-defense lies at the door of these last-mentioned bureaucratic officers, military gentlemen of the stand-pat, dihard type which has flourished and grown fat since the war. They have omitted no opportunity to kill aviation, particularly independent air-service. The rational development of the aerial arm would mean the relegation of the things for which they stand, big fleets and big armies, to a secondary position in the scheme of the nation's defenses.

In the case of the Navy, the expansion of the Air Service would mean, probably, "get under the water or get off the sea entirely," and the old-line sea dog probably abhors the submarine somewhat more intensely even than he does the airplane. In the case of the Army the separate Air Service means at least powerful competition and loss of prestige.

So the General Board of the Navy and the General Staff of the Army have assiduously belittled aviation and have fought the proposition of a unified and independent air force tooth and toe-nail. Obviously, if they don't want aerial development it would be fatal to let aviation wriggle free from their restraining thumbs.

Their official argument has been that the separate form of air service for national defense would be both ineffectual and expensive. The last Administration seized eagerly on this argument to block every move in the direction of efficient aerial development.

The ostensible reason held forth to the tax-paying public by the Administration in explanation of its air policy was economy. The real reason was incompetency—misplaced trust in prejudiced advisers, unjustified suspicion of competent counsel, utter blindness to the accumulated evidence based on actual experience in other countries during the past six years.



U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

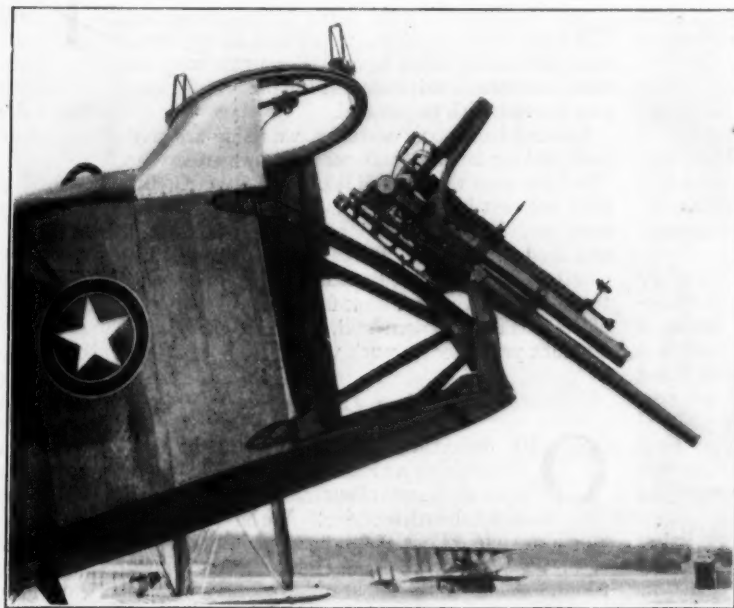
A 1600-Pound Bomb Did This

A 1600-pound airplane bomb containing nine hundred pounds of T.N.T. exploded on the deck of the U. S. S. *Indiana* near the spot where Brig.-Gen. William Mitchell, of the Army Air Service (center) is here shown surveying the wreckage. Had the vessel been manned at the time of the explosion, every living soul on deck and in the ship's engine rooms would have been instantly killed.

As a matter of fact, when the Administration banished the idea of a unified air force, on the plea of expense, it deliberately disregarded the financial experience of Great Britain, where it was found that the consolidation of aviation activities in the single Royal Air Force effected a considerable economy, which went hand in hand with increased efficiency. Here are the comparative facts and figures proving our last Administration's short-sightedness in this respect.

During the present fiscal year, June 1920-21, Great Britain is spending something over \$80,000,000 on governmental civil and military air projects. Out of this sum she is maintaining a splendidly equipped air force, the biggest and most efficient in the world, which, on October 1, 1920, numbered 2,812 officers and 23,862 enlisted men.

During the present fiscal year the United States is spending on various scattered and unco-ordinated air projects \$121,168,183. Out of this sum, which is 50 per cent. greater than that appropriated by Great Britain, have been maintained our Army and Navy Air Services, which number a total of 1,714 officers and 12,970 enlisted men, not quite two-thirds of Britain's military air strength. The equipment of this force is negligible. It consists of obsolete and literally dangerous airplanes, and a few hundred experimental aircraft and engines



The Artillery of the Air

A quick-firing 1-pounder mounted on an Army airplane. Dreadnoughts of the air will soon be armored like battleships and will mount 6-inch cannon. They will attack troops on the ground and ships at sea at close range, with little fear for their own safety.

insufficient for even the depleted personnel assigned to the arm.

What is the answer? Where has the money gone? Not in graft, but in bad business. By the splitting up of the various Government air activities between the Army, the Navy, the Post Office Department, and so on, there has resulted a general duplication and lack of co-ordination which, as figured out, item by item, on a minimum basis, by experts of the Army Air Service, has resulted in a total known dissipation of over \$11,000,000 during the year. How much further dissipation, not readily traceable, has been accomplished under the present incoherent system, is not definitely known, but expert opinion holds that the total waste during the present year will aggregate not much under \$30,000,000.

But, waste or no waste, efficiency or no efficiency, the Army and Navy convinced the Democratic Administration that it was unthinkable to take away from them their pet toy, the airplane. They claim that they must have absolute control of aviation in their separate fields. They deny that aircraft have a distinct and separate mission in war. They hold that the Air Service today is nothing but an auxiliary arm, and that it never will be anything but an auxiliary arm.

Aircraft actually have a separate war mission and can operate alone, with telling effect, irrespective of either the Army or the Navy. Toward the end of the

war, portions of the Allied air forces were actually so operating, although the development of their mission had not reached the point attained today.

In the next great war the first decisive battle will be fought in the air, long before the opposing ground forces are at grips. The side which wins that preliminary battle and establishes its supremacy in the air will, in all probability, win the war in short order.

This first combat will be between fast fighting planes, whose mission will be to clear the airways for heavier, more vulnerable planes armed with gas and high-explosive bombs, cannon ranging in size from quick-firing one-pounders to six-inch pieces, and high-caliber machine guns.

With the air cleared, and kept clear, by the victorious pursuit planes; the larger aircraft will proceed, independent of the friendly troops, to attack the enemy's reserve forces on the ground, penetrating hundreds of miles to the rear of the main bodies and disorganizing the enemy's whole tactical and economic machinery of war. These craft will advance, not as in the past, at high altitudes, but at point-blank range, both for shooting and bombing. There being nothing to fear from attack in the air, they will have to cope only with anti-aircraft defenses on the ground.

These defenses are practically negligible. If the last war proved nothing else, it proved that fact conclusively. The Allied air forces during the war lost about one-tenth of one per cent. of their effectiveness engaged on the front through anti-aircraft fire from the ground. The loss was not appreciably higher for low-flying aircraft than for high-flying aircraft.

Thus it appears that the heavy bombing and attacking planes which will characterize the next war will be able to operate with impunity at point-blank ranges over the enemy's country as soon as aerial supremacy has been decided in their favor by the pursuit flyers.

When it is considered that the bombs dropped by these craft will average over a ton each, and that 75 per cent. of their weight will be in high-explosive, not in steel, as is the case with artillery ammunition, the terrible effect of a concentrated air attack at point-blank range on the rear organization of an army immediately becomes apparent.

Half a dozen such bombs dropped on an important rail-head would put transportation through that point out of business for months. Such an attack could stop and continuously paralyze all rail and road communication with the advance forces of an army inside of six weeks, provided the number of attacking planes was sufficient.

Ten thousand such planes, during the

(Concluded on page 358)

EDITORIAL

PERRITON MAXWELL
EDITOR



JAMES N. YOUNG
MANAGING EDITOR

FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS, AMERICAN IDEALS, AMERICAN SUPREMACY

Keep America American

AMERICANS have become so accustomed to the orderly working of their political institutions that they take everything as a matter of course. Indeed, to judge from the behavior of many citizens, it might be said with fairness that "familiarity breeds contempt." We talk glibly about our blessings, but we do not seem to appreciate them over-much. Take for example the recent change in administration of our national government. After eight years of power one group moved out and another group moved in. There was no display of force, no fear of violence, no uncovering of plots. Officers of the retiring government met their successors with every possible courtesy and help in getting a fair start. Cheers and good wishes from people of all parties followed the outgoing leaders and greeted the newcomers. It was a good deal like changing the watch on a ship at sea.

And all this was simply a symbol of something greater in the nation itself. The reason for the change in personnel of Government was not personal ambition, or political scheming, or armed force. The people of the country by their votes on election day registered a decision. That decision was final. It was made after full and free discussion without any element of coercion. Alternative policies and leadership were presented to the electors and they made their choice. Under fixed constitutional forms this choice automatically established itself on March fourth. The old government went out; the new government went in, with no interruption to the business of the country.

Compare this with Russia or Germany. Russia got rid of its ruler by murdering him and his family and by the usurpation of a proletarian dictator who achieved and retained his power by bloodshed, terrorism, confiscation. Germany exiled her ruler and scrapped his constitution. And both countries sit upon a smouldering volcano which at any moment may blow them to pieces.

It is this difference which constitutes the glory and greatness of the American and of the other English-speaking nations. And it is this very difference which is the object of attack from without and within. So long as America, the British Empire and France remain what they are, Russia cannot continue as the home of class dictatorship and political violence. Either we must come down to her level or she must come up to ours. If the American system is right the Russian system must be wrong, for they are as unlike as day and night.

We have in our political institutions a priceless possession. Let us preserve and protect these institutions against foreign foes and domestic traitors and prove ourselves worthy of them by making them more effective. We shall cure American ills only by a wise and lawful use of American institutions and a just enforcement of American law. Our safety lies in the intelligence and character of our people.

The Well-Known Bible Unread

THOSE who would propagandize the Bible ought to be, like the Chosen People who passed over the Jordan, "strong and of a good courage." The efforts of Provost Peniman, of Pennsylvania, and other eminent teachers, to beguile public interest in the Bible through lectures, wins the instant sympathy of reverent culture, but fails to strike the responsive chord of popular sensibility.

The Bible is the Great Spirit of the white man's civilization. Our infidel or latitudinarian may reject it, but it is distilled in his blood. It is more than literature, more than the Book of the Church, than history or theology. It is power. It is the essence in the character of our institutions, of the gentlemen and ladies we meet on the highway of progress. It endows low understandings with higher ideas than those of the uplift writers. It imparts a literary taste surpassing that of the authors of the best sellers. It brings more tremendous news than all the special editions of all the newspapers ever issued. The inquirer sees in it the charter of free thought. The forward mind sees in it the compass for the course. The imaginative mind, resting on the far reaches of time, sees it flowering out in the tender and the beautiful, the strong and the great. It is the Great Progenitor.

The tongue of Moses gives voice to innumerable tongues. The sword of Joshua summons innumerable swords. The altar of Aaron splits into many altars. Its Psalms are the battle hymns of freedom. The magic of its wondrous words is in all our literature, were every Bible burnt. From this lamp the lamp of art was filled; from this fire the fire of science was kindled with pagan fuel.

Looking back sixty centuries, we today are civilized; looking forward sixty centuries, we are savage. The Bible goes with us. If it is the Word of God we shall not cast it down; if it is the work of man, we must not. We will look upon it in the hour of prayer and the hour of peril. We can not forget. But the solicitude of high-souled teachers can not call back the audience—that audience filing toward the tombs of its fathers, children still, after so many ages; ignorant yet, after so much wisdom.

The New Diplomacy

OUR diplomacy has hitherto been the art of maintaining amicable relations. It reposes upon the bosom of our fame in all the dignity of a Sabbath morning. We have never had an emissary like Von Bülow, as gorgeously chivalric as the Field of the Cloth of Gold, a magniloquent paladin blazoning the might of his country with the banquets of Lucullus and the showy glitter of Richard Cœur de Lion—all by himself. Franklin, Everett, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Motley, Boker—the roll robes the service with classic purity until it rivals even the august simplic-

ity of our Supreme Court. Indeed, our high court enshrines our lawyers, while the diplomatic service is our academy of literary immortals. In no single century of any ancient or modern empire is clustered such a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude.

But our generation has ceased to produce this type. It supplies a type eminently distinguished for the fertility of its practical faculties. For the consular service this type is trained to appraise markets, collect facts, and communicate enthusiasm to manufacturers who can not now thrive without the eyes and ears of missionaries with the gift of commercial penetration. This type must facilitate the creation and operation of a world-wide mercantile machine, with American banks, ships and methods. Our power will henceforth, far more than in the past, rest on the talents of diplomacy to discharge functions of sagacity, delicacy and virility for the public good—for upon its management of the interests of the American people in the commercial courts of the earth depends both wages and prestige.

Of course, there will be witticisms about dollar diplomacy and the empire of money junkers rising between the marts of the two oceans. And, also, the siren of military glory will coo with lute-string sweetness. But jokes and sirens are but incidents when twenty million workingmen know their pay-envelopes are filled on the other side of the world.

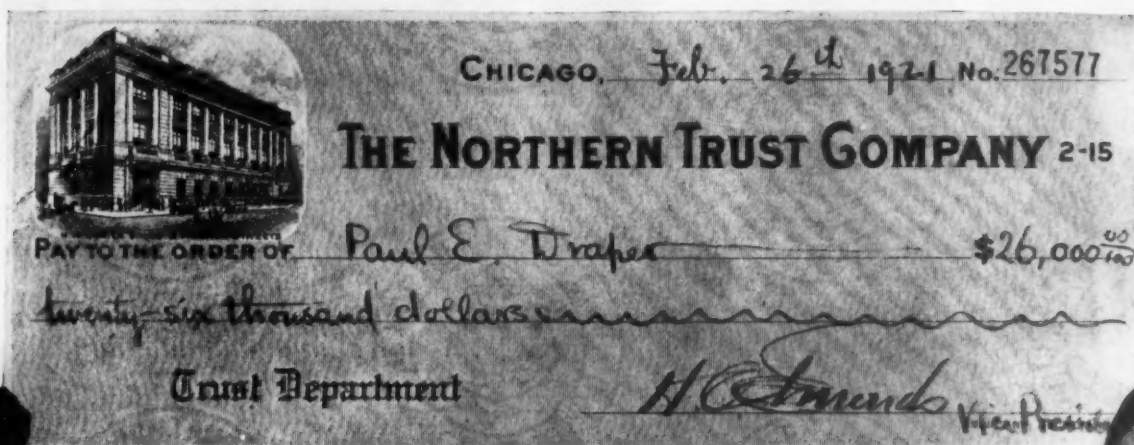
The Pipe of Feminism

INVINCIBLE is the power of man—except where it challenges the power of woman. Several hygienists, among them Dean Johnson, of New York University, urge women to smoke a pipe, not because of its occult potency in creating dreams, but it does not so enticingly inculcate inhalation as the cigarette. The pipe is a piece of machinery easily kept in running order with a hairpin. In a tobacchanalian boudoir its blue smoke wreathes the lovely houri with an effect very entrancing to poets.

The effect of the stenographer's pipe upon the emotional temperament of business has not yet been photographed nor reported in the police court. And then there are the neighbors, with their absurd, old-fashioned notions. It is believed that the neighbors, astutely selecting the time and place, have participated in certain scandalous performances, and if one of them were to saunter forth puffing a pipe the rest might believe her guilty of anything.

The cigar is somewhat diffidently mentioned by masculine suggestion, and it is easy to see beneath the mask of silence that selfish man trembles for his private stock. The esthetic school enthuses over the cigarette. It, like the cigar, pays taxes; it is an American institution; it was in the trenches; it is comforting. Ah, but men become craftily generous when taught by sad experience. Had they been half as free with a propaganda regarding corkscrews they would not now be seeking allies to face the reforming Vandals of the future.

Camera's-Eye Glimpses of What's Going On



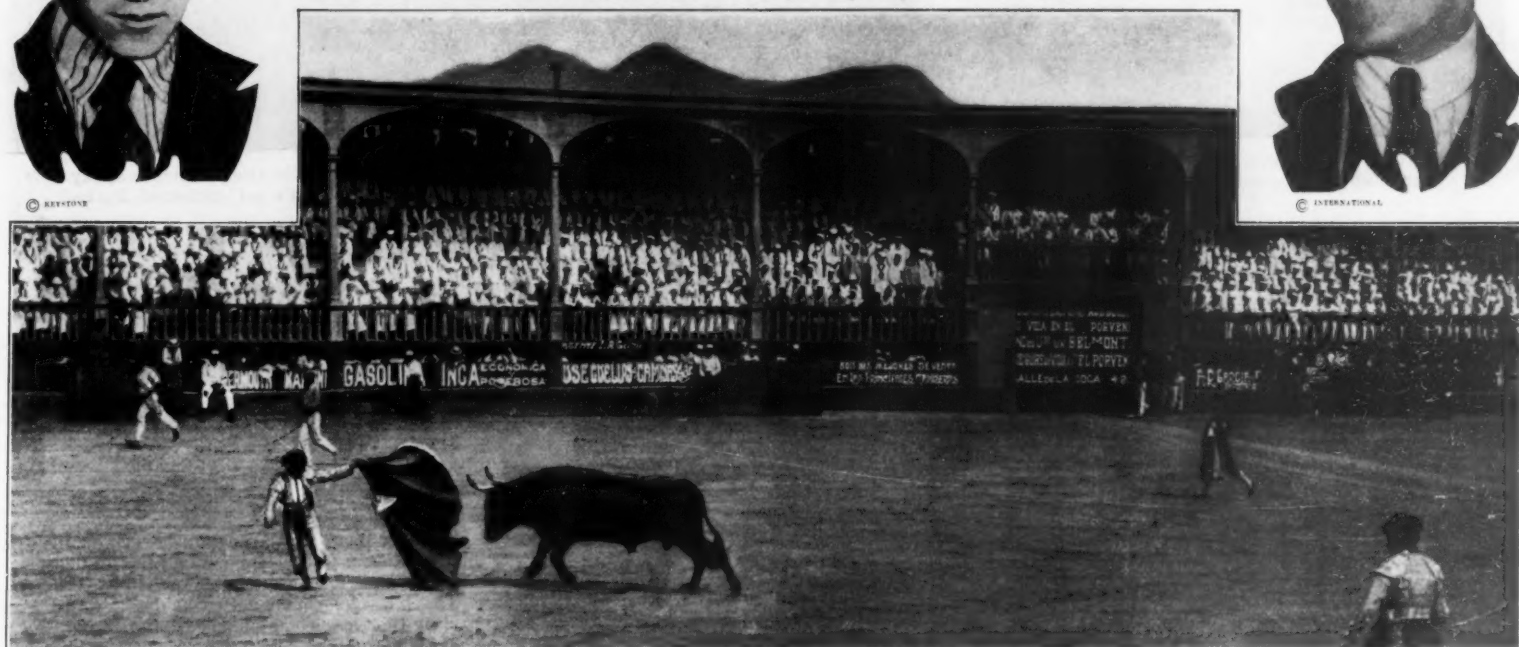
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"Easy Money" for a Quick-Witted American Youth

Temptation, in the form of \$772,000 worth of bonds, came to William Dalton, an employee of the Northern Trust Company, of Chicago, the other day. Being very young (only seventeen), and very, very foolish, the boy succumbed to it and absconded with the bonds. Fate was against him, however. In Heyworth, Illinois, Paul E. Draper (the smiling youth at the right) guessed Dalton's identity, turned him over to the Sheriff and promptly received the reward shown above. Dalton appears at the left.



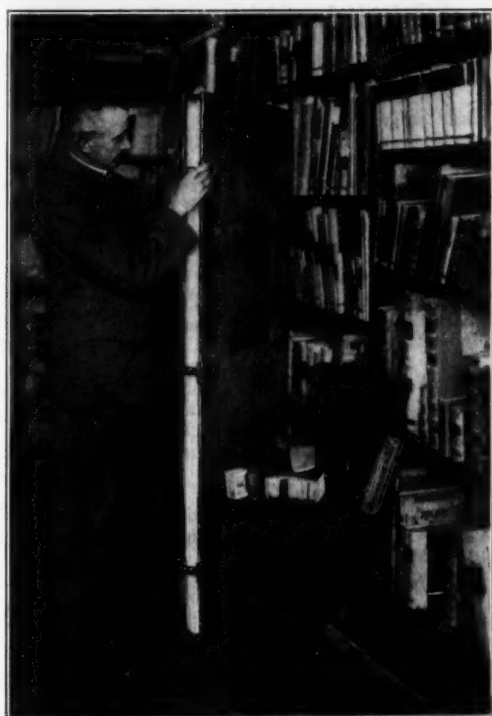
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WIDE WORLD

Our Navy Boys in South America

Some of our Bluejackets finding a little excitement in Lima, Peru. After the performance, during which seven horses were gored to death, our boys voted unanimously in favor of baseball, football and boxing.



© KESTONE

Is This the Largest Book Ever Made?

Has any reader of LESLIE'S ever seen a larger book than that which looms up so prominently in the picture at the left? If so, the University of Rostock, Germany, can no longer boast that it possesses the biggest volume in the world. The massive tome, which contains maps of Holland, was made in the 16th century. Book thieves are not feared by the treasure's guardians. Nevertheless, it is most carefully protected against predatory gentlemen who might be tempted to cut a few choice pages from it.

GRANT STUDIO

A Stunt that Interested Western Canada

The Canadian Government recently announced that certain oil lands in the vicinity of Czar and Nanton were to be "thrown open." The snapshot at the right shows how two enterprising men made sure that nobody preceded them in filing claims. Working in relays, these bold spirits and three or four others, kept a constant day and night vigil for over a month outside the Dominion Government Land Office. Zero weather did not drive them away, and when the big day arrived they entered the building and got their land.





"No!" Garry quivered as Burke whispered the dread word, "War!" The startled exclamation at the other end came plainly. "The thing is unequivocally impossible" announced the railroad man, his voice ringing clearly over the wire, "Nevertheless, it shall be done!" "All right, let's go!" exclaimed Burke.

The Acid Test

By HAROLD HARGRAVE

Author of "The Sporting Instinct"

Illustration by HAROLD ANDERSON

(In last week's instalment of this story, which ends in this issue, "Garry" Blackwell, sales manager of the Great Midland Zinc Company, was able to solve a baffling sulphuric acid problem, thereby saving his concern from enormous losses. Nevertheless, other difficulties arise, which Garry, who is in love with Lois Coltrin, daughter of Loren Coltrin, president of the company, resolves to conquer. War appears imminent, and, knowing that sulphuric acid may soon be in great demand, Garry goes to Washington to find Burke, a great oil magnate, with the idea of talking business with him.)

AT this juncture, George Vreeland, acting as sales manager in Blackwell's stead, consummated a deal for the immediate delivery of thirty-two hundred tons of "sixty" to the Atlantic Chemical Company. Vreeland, after consulting with Loren Coltrin, had cut the price. Normally, the freight rate prevented successful competition in the Eastern market. But this was an emergency. The Atlantic leaped at the acid at the low figure. The sale cleared a whole storage tank and a third of another in the nick of time.

Coltrin threw himself heart and soul into the acid end of the game.

Hence it came about that John Ferrill, traffic manager for the Midland, received a shock. Ferrill was talking to his clerk.

"Our eighty-five tank cars are giving us a paper profit, while they're standing out there in the yard, anyhow, Mac," he was telling McGrail.

"Sure, the mileage the roads pay us doesn't equal half the maintenance cost," agreed McGrail.

The telephone rang. The voice of Loren Coltrin himself sounded from the other end of the wire.

"Ferrill, can you put your hand on enough tank cars to carry thirty-two hundred tons of acid to New York," asked the President in a voice that held a command.

"We've got forty-five tanks good for sixty thousand pounds each, sir," answered the traffic man; "then there

are forty more with a hundred thousand pounds capacity."

"How much does that make?"

"Thirty-three hundred, sir. Your order will take all but two. I hate to let them all go, except in a case of absolute necessity." Ferrill's mind ran to his savings on upkeep. Also, like all old employees of the Midland, conservatism dominated him.

"Hah," snorted Mr. Coltrin. "Who put any such nonsense into your head, Ferrill?"

"Mr. Blackwell, sir," responded the traffic man, meekly.

"Well, I still have something to say around here. You send those cars."

Ferrill spent a busy day. At the end, the eighty-five tankers of the Midland steamed to the acid house, each receiving a capacity load. When the last one filled, the waiting locomotives of a trans-continental line took them on their long trip to the Eastern metropolis. He notified Blackwell of the sale.

GARRY, held up by the absence of Burke senior, and unable to trace him further than the acknowledgment that he would be back in the capital city "soon," cooled his heels at the Willard.

"Suffering cats!" he exclaimed as he read Coltrin's telegram. He sped to the telegraph office in the hotel, where he indited a long message to Loren Coltrin, adjuring him to hold the greater number of tank cars at the plant.

Awaiting an answer, he paced the lobby anxiously, considering the traffic situation. He knew what to Coltrin was only newspaper talk. The terminals of every railroad entering the big Eastern coast cities were choked with cars. Thousands and thousands of cars piling up unceasingly with their cargoes to meet export demands not known since the war. Behind them, in turn, piled up more cars. If the Midland tanks ever became part of this unparalleled congestion . . .

"I'd sure hate to have to untangle them," he whispered to himself.

"Mis-ter Black-well," sang a page. Garry took from him the answer to his own message, and learned that all of the tanks were en route East.

The message, coming after he had warned Ferrill against this very thing maddened Garry. His answer went to the point:

"Fire bonehead who let those cars go."

BLACKWELL.

Jimmy Nourse, receiving this message, passed it on to Mr. Coltrin.

"I'll show him," sputtered the zinc magnate; "bonehead! Hah!"

"Rather severe on whoever *did* dispatch those cars," the voice of Nourse shook.

A few hours later, Garry Blackwell, receiving a yellow envelope, pictured to himself what had happened. For the latest telegram read:

"Bonehead fired stop You are ordered to return immediately stop Will send man in your place."

LOREN COLTRIN, President.

Blackwell whistled. So the cars had been dispatched by order of none other than Coltrin himself and the owner had taken his message as a personal reflection! The entire acid proposition flitted through his mind, together with certain things in the attitude of the president and his assumption of personal charge.

"I'll take the little butter-in at his word," he murmured aloud.

"Beg your pardon?"

Blackwell looked up in confusion. Then he came to his feet with the effect of a recoiling spring automatically released.

"Burke!" he gasped. "Thomas Delaney Burke, at last!"

"Darned if it isn't young Blackwell!" The internationally known oil magnate shook hands cordially, but like a man in haste.

"See you after a while, Blackwell, there's something mighty important in the offing and—"

"The navy?" cut in Garry.
Burke stopped, open-mouthed. "Good God, who told you? Come up to my suite." The invitation snapped out like an order. Burke locked the door when they had entered.

"Now, young man," the oil king opened, "what do you know about the navy?"

The expected question. Garry, reasoning swiftly that if his offer of acid did not strike home, his errand had proved a wild-goose chase anyhow, showed his hand with one statement.

"I came down here to offer your Universal Petroleum people about twenty-five thousand tons of fuming acid for refinery purposes, at the market price."

"What makes you think we need it—the stuff is plentiful."

"Cars. Cars," he repeated, then added, "and—the navy."

Burke's lids flickered as slightly as the movement of a green leaf disturbed by an ant, but Blackwell saw it. "It's a bad situation," Blackwell meant the traffic tie up.

Burke paced the floor twice, nervously fiddling with his watch chain.

Abruptly he turned toward Blackwell.

"I'll take your acid," he shot at him, his voice taut as the E string of a violin.

NOT until Garry Blackwell found himself alone in the lobby, possessor of a verbal order for nineteen trainloads of sulphuric acid, did he again remember Loren Coltrin. Conscious of a big piece of business well done, any idea of apologizing to the autocrat lay farthest from his mind. He paused to consider his course, then moved toward the telegraph desk.

At the telegraph office, Garry Blackwell, feeling like a joy-rider on a scenic railway of steep dips, sent two wires to Lois Coltrin. One of them read:

"Congratulate Dad. Have landed thirty-thousand-ton acid contract at full market. We're out of the woods."
GARRY.

The second was more personal. It went:

"Father recalled me today by wire but have put over deal mentioned in other telegram. Must stay on. Trust you to square things dear. Use your judgment about secrecy. Love,
GARRY."

"MENTIONED"

THE Hon. Wilbur H. Windjam, whose labors for the success of the Republican ticket in the city of — were unceasing last Fall has been mentioned for one of the big appointive Federal plums in the power of President Harding to bestow. And so, therefore, in the Windjam home—

—Mrs. Wilbur H. Windjam has been "mentioned" as the probable recipient of a much larger house than the one in which she now resides. Also a town car with chauffeur. Also a grand piano.

—Miss Mildred R. Windjam has been "mentioned" in connection with an expensive finishing school for young ladies. Likewise with a trip to Europe.

—Master Wilbur H. Windjam, Jr., has been "mentioned" with reference to a motor-cycle, a \$200 phonograph, a motor-boat next summer, and an increased allowance now.

—Georgie Windjam, aged two, has been "mentioned" in the same breath with an English nursemaid and an imported go-cart. Likewise a nursery in the new house which the family is to occupy.

—Pete, the Windjam pup, has been "mentioned" in relation to the dog-pound. A Pekinese has been "mentioned" as Pete's probable successor.

Carlisle School has inaugurated a course in millinery for Indians. On the theory, possibly, that it is better to put something on the scalp than it is to take something off.

"YOUR only applause," quoth a star of the screen, "is the click of the camera." Obviously, an instance of cruelty to actors. Invention should rush to the

Garry Blackwell, having slept late, with the comfortable relaxation of one who had fulfilled a difficult task well, opened the door to a hotel attendant's knock and received a telegram. He read:

"Recall canceled. Stay where you are until further instructions."
LOREN COLTRIN

"Good diplomat," he approved. "Further instructions." Clever of the Old Man.

Garry slipped over to his desk and penned an answer. He handed it to the bellboy, who joined in the chuckle of the guest when he felt the liberal tip thrust into his hand. Garry had written:

"This no place for a bonehead stop Am leaving for plant to ask personal explanation."
GARRET H. BLACKWELL.

"Now let him try to square it with Lois," laughed Garry to himself.

Again Garry had proved a mind-reader for Loren Coltrin had wired:

"Resent your rank insubordination. You are herewith commanded to stay on the job there under penalty of withdrawal of consent to certain other proposition. This means business."
LOREN COLTRIN, President

Divining that the "certain other proposition" referred to his engagement to a definite golden-haired Sylph, this worried Garry for a moment. He had decided to stay, anyhow. Accordingly he knew himself to be playing safe. But he determined to give the opposition a bad quarter of an hour. He designed his reply to be a bold stroke that would knock the props from under the president of the Midland.

"Nevertheless am coming. Third party to proposition may have voice in matter."
BLACKWELL.

sizzled over the wires.

At dinner a well-filled room gazed in wonder at a young athlete in the far corner who opened a yellow envelope and vented a scarcely subdued "whoop." The telegram had announced to him:

"Am coming to Washington with third party. No young upstart can defy Lorin Coltrin."
L. C.

"Oh, you beautiful doll," hummed Garry, mentally, however, placing the credit where the credit belonged.

LOREN COLTRIN, accompanied by the captivating Miss Coltrin, arrived with gratifying promptness. The President proved himself a good actor by boldly maintaining an attitude of severe disapproval. Garry, with eyes only for Lois, let him get away with it, too much in love to care.

T. Delaney Burke found time to call upon the trio. He engaged in long confabs with the zinc magnate from which Blackwell found himself excluded.

The next fortnight sped with incredible quickness. Then came the rift in the lute in the form of a long-distance call from the Midland.

Like misfortunes that never come singly, the cry for help found echo from the lips of no less a personage than T. Delaney Burke, himself.

An hour after Loren Coltrin had received word that the entire fleet of tank cars dispatched East by the Midland had disappeared utterly in the vortex of freight congestion, after delivering their freight and that the storage capacity had again dwindled to the worrying-point, Mr. Coltrin received a poste-haste call from the Oil King.

Coltrin answered the summons with all speed. It took him to the Navy Department, where he found Burke closeted with a number of men to whom he never had been introduced, but whose faces he recognized. They appeared often in the newspapers. Everyone there looked badly worried. The very atmosphere felt heavy, ominous with disaster. The oil man spoke, his tones snapping like breaking twigs underfoot.

"Mr. Coltrin, the prestige of the navy is at stake," he began. "Diplomatic relations with a certain foreign power are badly strained. Have been for some time. The Administration had laid quiet plans for a big navy demonstration."

"Maneuvers," corrected a uniformed gentleman in gold-trimmed blue. A very rare insignia graced it.

"Maneuvers," Burke accepted the correction. "Well, the navy needs oil. The refineries can't supply it—dare not even bid on the contract, because they can't

get the acid. Car shortage and tie-up. Am I correct?" He turned to the others, who nodded.

Burke resumed: "Now, Mr. Coltrin, we've got to know whether you can deliver your acid on the dot of the contract. I figured it out with ample time allowance, but—" Burke swung toward the official presiding.

"I wouldn't say that the failure of the navy to carry out this—er—maneuver plan might encourage an ultimatum from any foreign people," said he, "but—"

Loren Coltrin had founded the Midland. Now he showed his faith in his work. He never hesitated. He drew himself up to his full five-foot six.

"Gentlemen," he announced, calmly, confidently and a bit severely. "The Midland will deliver your acid as per contract."

"I told you so," Burke whispered to the high official. "If we get the stuff, you get your oil."

When the zinc magnate reached the hotel, however, there to find Garry Blackwell, and to relate what had occurred, with many adjurations to secrecy, he had lost some of his confidence.

"It might mean—war," he whispered.

Garry received the statement gravely. He questioned the president closely and grew more dubious.

"I've seen some of the yards and sidings," he reverted to the freight congestion, "and it's a sight to discourage the best traffic man in the world. Confound it, why didn't Ferrill hold our cars," he could not help complaining. This hit Loren Coltrin in a sore spot. He bridled.

"Young man, I'm thoroughly ashamed of you, bawling water over the dam. Those tanks have got to be dug out. Furthermore it's up to you. First, there is our country. Second, your scheme has again put the Midland where we've either got to dispose of our acid or shut down"

The strange antagonism between them quiescent for a time, sputtered to life like the detonating spark along a fast fuse. When Coltrin spoke in this tone, it always irritated Garry. Afterward, the magnate (Continued on page 352)



AS WE WERE SAYING BY ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

rescue and equip every movie studio with an applause machine consisting of a pair of cast-iron hands and an endless chain of percussion caps.

Despite the fact that beer is no longer "strong drink" and anybody may sell it, anywhere, without a license, we fear that considerable time must elapse before there are Beer Wells at church fairs.

THE HEN PROBLEM

THE egg market has gone to smash as a result of the mild winter. Shippers and speculators, says a market note, are in the dumps and consumers are beginning to smile again. Speculators are placing all the blame upon the hen, who got into her stride two months ahead of schedule.

The trouble with controlling the hen—trouble, that is, from the standpoint of the monopolist—is the futility of opening right next door to her, or on the same block, and of attempting to lay eggs faster than she can produce them, giving them away if necessary, until the hen is driven out of business. Likewise, it is impracticable to secure a long-term lease of her

premises and put her out on the street. The hen is about the only "independent" to resist successfully the wiles of monopoly. She presents a serious, unsolved problem. True "normalcy" can never be attained until a solution of her is found.

THESE are serious times, and a light touch where one properly belongs is welcome, unquestionably, but the phonographic concern which advertised among its new records, "A Baby's Prayer at Twilight—Fox Trot," overdid the light touch, it seems to us.

LET THIS SINK IN

YOU who had trouble filling out your income-tax return, listen! Among the puzzled ones who came to the collector was Hop Wing Lee, Chinese proprietor of a chain of Chow Main stations. He wished to pay, he said, whatever was right, but he couldn't make head nor tail of the printed form. Put yourself in Hop Wing's place. Or, better still, imagine yourself an American resident of Nankin or Foochow, getting your living there, and trying to fill out intelligently a Chinese income-tax

blank. That with which you struggled any time up to March 15 was printed in the English language, your native tongue, and presumably made as clear in its various sections as it was possible to make it. Suppose, in addition to its unavoidable technicalities, it had been printed in Chinese. Get that supposition fixed in your mind, and you are in trim to feel for Hop Wing Lee, struggling manfully, and refusing to take the count in his bout with a tax blank writ in the alphabet of "the foreign devil." In Sunday school they teach us to have sympathy and love for the heathen. All the sympathy, all the love we have, goes out in a perfect gush to Hop Wing Lee.

AND with reference to China, Princess Der Ling says that servants there don't talk back, and never expect tips. As Roosevelt forcibly pointed out on many occasions, what we must guard against is the "chination" of America.

A RETURNED war observer tells of a column of troops that was halted by mud on the slopes of Mount Ararat. We supposed the mud had dried out there centuries ago.

You cannot always tell. The patriot who is quickest to rise when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" is often slowest to get up when the government asks for his income tax.

NOTHING sacrilegious, we suppose, in the invitation of a professor of Terpsichore "to learn these dances from the Creator: Ramble, Jazz and Chinese Toddle."

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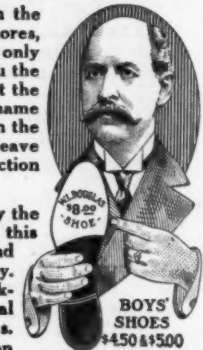
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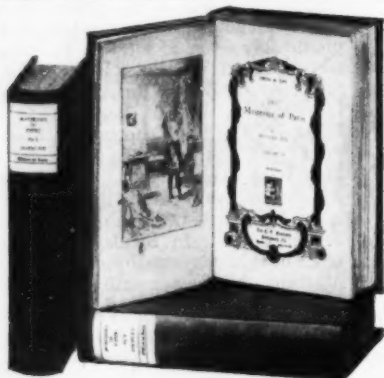
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The Acid Test

(Continued from page 351)

told Lois that he knew it and had counted on the result.

"Very well," the sales manager replied, rashly. "I accept the buck."

GARRY BLACKWELL caught a fast train to New York. Without delay he made his way to the terminal of the great road over whose tracks the eighty-five tank cars of the Midland had traveled. What he saw would have discouraged any but an angry young egotist who didn't know the word failure.

The hundreds of freight cars had swelled to thousands and the thousands to tens of thousands. Long strings of empties blocked the path of longer strings of box-cars, like visible snags in a narrow channel. In turn, these were hedged in by a vortex of variegated stock, refrigerator, every conceivable sort of transportation vehicle that runs on tracks.

Garry found a score of bewildered traffic men besieging the offices of the superintendent, swarming with the buzz of hornets as they clamored for the empties, pleading for the switching of precious freight to where it could be unloaded; threatening, cajoling and finally giving up in despair.

Blackwell demanded a look at the books. Refused, he shamelessly purchased the services of a disdainful and overworked assistant yardmaster. He spent the better part of the day and most of the night poring over records hopelessly behind. Eventually he unearthed a memorandum of the passage westward of fourteen acid tanks, which he recognized as the property of the Midland. But there he came to an impassé. Not a line to show where those tanks had gone. Reluctantly he gave up that end of the chase.

Daybreak found Garry in the yards. He tramped endlessly. Noon found him in an outlying yard. And there he sighted a string of red cars. They bore the white-painted legend of the Midland, which loomed before his eyes like a welcome cloud to the owner of drought-parched land. He counted the bunch. Thirty-nine! Abruptly his exultation subsided. The great siding was blocked at both ends by an apparently unending vista of freights. Garry carefully noted the location of the tanks and resumed the search. A track man gazed after him curiously, noted that he sought tanks and called to Blackwell, who halted impatiently.

"Looking for a string of tanks, Mister?"

"Seen any?"

"Seems to me I did, a couple of days ago," offered the man reminiscently; "now let me see what did happen to them." Garry thrust a bill into his hand, to refresh his memory. It worked.

"They took a string over to Long Island three days ago," came the information. "Joe, the engineer, told me they were bunching tankers over there."

Blackwell fairly ran to the gates. He hurried himself into a taxicab.

"Thirty-fourth street ferry, and hustle," he ordered.

He plunged into the Long Island yard office just as it was about to close.

"Ten bucks to trace some cars for me," he offered. The clerk nodded. Again he pored through endless records, days old. Finally a loose memo, not entered, yielded a clue.

"There seems to be a bunch side-tracked about two miles out," said the clerk.

Garry bolted back to the cab. They sped to the outer yards where Garry entered via a high fence, with fine disregard of barbed-wire, only to land in the clasp of a watchman. A bill overcame his scruples.

Ten minutes later Garry stood reveling in the sight of thirty-two acid tankers bearing the Midland insignia, their ugly

round bellies more beautiful in his sight than a Corot landscape.

When the freight office opened, Garry Blackwell, who had camped on the steps for an hour, almost embraced an amazed superintendent.

"Chief, I've got to have those Midland tanks out at the end of the yards," he announced, with his friendliest smile. The super was sorry, but it simply could not be done.

"Now, chief," Garry cajoled, "my company would give a cool century for a clear track west to New Jersey; we're getting another batch sent there, you know." The chief haggled. Blackwell met his suggestion that some of the boys might be induced to work overtime without hesitation; then he hurried to New Jersey. There the episode repeated itself several times. At the end, all but fourteen of the precious tankers had been located and freed. Blackwell set himself to find those fourteen.

"I just booked some Midland tanks through," volunteered a clerk who had heard of the "millionaire traffic man" combing the yards with each hand filled with large bills. "They must be somewhere between here and Trenton, unless they got through, which I doubt." He pocketed his reward. Here luck had served Garry a good turn. Blackwell boarded the first local out and passed his tanks as they drew into a station considerably east of Trenton.

It had cost Garry Blackwell about five hundred dollars and nearly four precious days to round up the lost acid carriers. On the sixth day following those tanks were due in the yards of the Universal Refining company, with acid. Nothing more could be done until the morrow. Garry groaned in spirit. Three days left for the trip, each way, and part of that needed to load. Such a run never had been made.

In the subway, when he reached New York again, Blackwell bought an evening paper. Almost the first thing that met his eye proved to be a foreign dispatch. It remonstrated sharply against the massing of the American fleets in maneuvers. They urged a sharp protest against America's stand.

From the Ritz, Blackwell called up Loren Coltrin at Washington. The president, worried, voiced bitter complaint. He told Garry that Robertson had informed him by telephone from the plant that three more days would see the end of their storage capacity, despite a lightened output of zinc.

"There'll be hell to pay unless those cars get there by Saturday night or Sunday morning at the latest," he gloomed; then, "Did you read the papers tonight?" Garry said he had. "Our friends are badly worried," asserted Coltrin gravely. "My word was accepted; the honor of the Midland is at stake—and worse, and the thing's impossible, impossible," he added.

"Nothing is impossible," denied the nerve-wracked Blackwell. "I'm coming over. Reach Washington at one A.M. Must see Burke at the station. You arrange that. I've got a scheme. Maybe Burke can help put it over. There's no other way."

"I'll get him," promised Coltrin. Garry hung up.

T. Delaney Burke, the oil king, one of the greatest powers in modern finance, with a reputation for allowing nothing to faze him, this same Burke, looked drawn and sober-faced as he shook hands with Blackwell. Loren Coltrin accompanied him. The three piled into a watch-like motor car. On the way to the Willard, Blackwell talked fast.

"We've got five days to make good with that acid. There is just one way to turn the trick." He paused, noted that both

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men were listening eagerly, then continued. "Those cars have got to go out on passenger schedule, and more than that, they've got to go out this very morning!"

"Boy, that measly little consignment of sulphuric acid never could have made gun-cotton as explosive as this matter of showing the world that our navy is ready to sail at the drop of the hat," and Burke swore softly to himself.

"Then," announced Garry Blackwell, "it's up to the Government itself. This is no time to consider precedents—and damn the expense!"

Coltrin gasped. "That would take the personal supervision and influence of," he paused; "of the Secretary, himself!"

"Burke," said Blackwell, "you want that acid. All right. It's yours—if you can arrange it. Let's go!"

Burke "went." No one could go farther or faster than T. Delaney Burke, when he once started. Their progress took them directly to the modest residence of a very great man. He received them courteously. T. Delaney Burke never came on useless errands. So he listened while Blackwell outlined the railroading problem confronting them.

"What do you say, Burke," he spoke crisply, deferring to the judgment of the Oil King.

"It's a diplomatic crisis. God knows what might follow a failure of the naval program. I say; Let's go!" declared Burke.

"The railroads will move heaven and earth for Burke," the great man told Blackwell. He then turned to the powerful financier. "You may use my name—to the limit."

THE president of the railroad running the fastest train in the world over the shortest route west toward the plant of the Midland awakened to the insistent ringing of his bedside telephone.

"Long distance from Washington, Government special," intoned the excited voice of "central"; a click; "there's your party"; then a voice he identified as that of no less a world figure than T. Delaney Burke of Universal Oil.

Burke named the great man. "Now, for heaven's sake get this, Charley!"

"Shoot!"

"To correct a specific critical situation, it is peremptory that eighty-five tank cars belonging to the Midland Zinc company, now assembled in the Jersey yards of the Lackavania Central, must be started west, not later than eight A.M."

"Business crisis?" the president's curiosity made him ask.

"No!" Garry quivered as Burke whispered the dread word, "War!" The startled exclamation at the other end came plainly.

"The thing is unequivocally impossible," announced the railroad man, his voice ringing clearly over the wire. "Nevertheless, it shall be done!"

"All right, let's go!" exclaimed Burke, and hung up.

The railroad president climbed with haste into his clothes. In an incredibly short time he catapulted himself out of his limousine and up the steps of the magnificent home of the vice-president of operation. He touched the bell and kept it shrilling into the night. A frightened man servant responded.

"Tell your master that I'm waiting down here for him," directed the transportation mogul sharply. But the necessity vanished with the appearance of the vice-president himself, at the head of the stairs.

"Hurry, Van, for the honor of the Lackavania Central," and the chief poured the story into the ears of the naïf of operation.

The operation genius made the telephone wires hum. Then the two officials went to the New Jersey yards. Things began to hum on the Lackavania Central!

Nevertheless, they arrived some three minutes behind the general manager, and

found that competent official barking crisp, decisive orders that were sending subordinates scurrying in every direction. In that three minutes the G. M. already had issued mandatory instructions for the call of three engines and three train crews. The general car foreman had received an edict for a car inspector with two car repairers for each of the special trains, with the necessary tools and supplies to handle any emergency. The president and his aide alighted in time to watch him dispatch a wire to the master mechanic instructions to place the largest and fastest types of passenger locomotives at designated points along the run.

The presence in the normally quiet yard of three of the highest officials of the entire system at this ungodly hour already was affecting the entire force. More officials came. Every five minutes an overworked subway train discharged them, singly, in pairs, in groups. The yard thrilled to an excitement that augmented like the bottled waters of a huge dam during a flood. It became contagion. Men who had lived their lives in the service quivered like a leashed hunting pack taking a scent. And ever the instruments clicked on and on, unceasingly, as the G. M., wrapt in his task, sent forth order after order. Not a detail escaped. Then and there he proved himself a master of the game. To a hundred places went rush orders. One crackled to the chief train dispatcher. It commanded him to notify all yards along his division to see that all yard engines, cars, handcars and other impediments were off the main line, giving the specials twenty minutes clearance.

The final sentence contained the momentous instructions to put the three special trains of acid tanks on schedule faster than any passenger train!

Endlessly the commands succeeded one another. "To the division superintendents," he dictated, and charged them to be on hand with trainmasters and traveling engineers to ride these trains, stating that the vice-president, general manager and general superintendent also were riding.

"To the division officials," he named them one by one, "You will call the necessary train crews and have them in readiness at least one hour before the scheduled arrival of the specials at your respective division points."

Every section of the Lackavania Central hummed with the same excitement that pervaded the New Jersey yards, a thrill that crept insidiously into the blood like the hot touch of fever or the shock of an electric current.

Three trains of acid tanks—mere freights—were being pampered like a de luxe flyer on a record-breaking run. Unheard of! Amazing!

"Rush flagmen to every country crossing!" came an order that confirmed a thousand guesses, and sent hundreds of motor cars speeding to obey.

BACK in the New Jersey yards a straining crew made up the three trains. The first with twenty-five empties stood ready. The second and third, with thirty tanks each, were reaching the same stage. The men worked feverishly, tense, like so many feeding wires.

Ten minutes to eight! The conductor delivered his train orders to the engineer. Masters, star pilot of the De Luxe Flyer, read them, incredulous. Then he looked up with popping eyes, like a frog in a strange pond. Toward him were advancing two immaculately dressed gentlemen, half surrounded by a small regiment of officials of the Lackavania. Masters brushed his lips and kept on staring.

"Shades of the ould 999, 'tis the vice-president," murmured an awed oiler in his ear, "and by Saint Patrick, the general manager, so ut is!"

"How do you do, sir?" the vice-president thrust out a cordial hand, which the engineer took, dazedly but without embarrassment. They shook. The big man called Masters by name, and with exactly

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the proper accent. He had heard someone use it.

"Ed," he said, quietly, "the Lackavania Central has a big job on hand. It means glory for the old road and for you. In fact, we rely on you to pull us through."

"It can be done," answered the engineer, simply, confidently.

"All right. Let's go!" And the operation chief of the great system scrambled aboard the shining locomotive with the agility of his youth.

The conductor, seeing the caboose coupled, took his station, watch in hand. Eight o'clock. A piercing blast of the whistle. The engine glided away on the first lap of its run. The run, whose sixty-mile-an-hour schedule, if maintained, would shatter every known record.

At eight-ten, the second special swung off, and at a similar interval the third puffed out into space, followed by loud cheers. Two hours ahead raced the De Luxe Flyer, among its passengers Loren Coltrin and his daughter Lois.

GARRY BLACKWELL, arriving at the New Jersey yards a scant few minutes after eight, leaped from the Washington express as it slowed for him, a bit of magic achieved by a last-minute card thrust into his hands by T. Delaney Burke. He swore in disappointment as he saw the first section of the acid train curving through the maze of trackage. An agitated knot of men clustering at the near end of the yard gave him the right direction. With the stride that had won glory for him in varsity days, Blackwell sprinted toward them. He arrived with something to spare. A hurried display of his pass card. He climbed into the caboose. A few moments later number two drew out. Garry deplored the fate that had made him miss the first special.

With a clear track and the most elaborate preparation in history, the special swung off west at perilous speed. The big passenger locomotives handled their freight loads superbly. Out into the west rocketed the tanks, with the incredible swiftness of shooting stars dropping plummet-like toward the earth on a clear night.

Beneath the clicking wheels the miles flashed past in a roaring cindery cloud, a hundred of them. Nearly two hours that had fled like minutes. Then, the first mishap. Out ahead, the first special winging its Mercury-like way, began to slow, as might a jack rabbit that had picked up a thorn. The alert inspectors had detected trouble. The train ground to a halt. The experts, hurrying, but careful, located the difficulty. Hot boxes on two cars—a broken brass.

A somewhat begrimed vice-president showed his mettle. At the announcement, he barked out a few staccato commands. The train swung across and out upon a siding in time to see number two rush by with only a few train lengths to spare. "Some railroading," approved a grizzled veteran. Others agreed, swiftly realizing that this decision had put back the schedule of part of the eighty-five tanks only ten minutes, whereas all would have run late had he pursued an alternative course.

To Garry, now on the lead train, elation admixed itself with anxiety over the delay to number one.

Hour after hour the empty tanks hurtled on their journey, the tails of the dread comet of looming war. Now occurred an unexpected phase. The sleuths of the Metropolitan press must have sniffed a new sensation in the record run of a triple freight on De Luxe time, Blackwell judged. Plainly, some agency had flashed the news of the feat ahead. For as the acid-tank special roared its way through the towns, the stations were black with people, clamoring, speed-mad America acclaiming a new form of achievement.

They were due in Chicago at one in the morning. Came night and the shriek of the whistles as they thundered through the darkness, across unseen crossings.

"On time," yelled the conductor in the caboose, and danced happily.

"Where are we?" "Mansfield."

A dozen times the same scene in the swaying little tail car. Never had Garry known such a ride, with fatigue as foreign as sleep to a night owl.

Two hours out from Chicago Garry Blackwell received a new thrill. With a hollow roar like the rush of an angry sea, the freight catapulted past a long row of brilliant lights, strung like great jewels through the gloom. They shone upon dimly silhouetted figures, fantastic of shape—passengers.

"The De Luxe!" shouted the conductor in a species of crazed wonder. "By the living gods, they've sidetracked the De Luxe for a freight!" this as if it were the fulfillment of all miracles.

They were gone so quickly that the passenger train, pride of the Lackavania Central, instantly became a mere blur of streaky light, from which arose a faint cheer instantly swallowed up in the noisy maw of their own passage.

And so they reached Chicago's outer track system on time, a magnificent tribute to the efficiency of the general manager. They swung through the yards amid a pean of triumphant uproar from the throats of thousands of loyal railroad men, while a sea of humanity gathered on the streets outside, rocked the air with a riot of applause when they learned of the achievement. The happy officials found themselves heroes to their men.

"If Jimmy Nourse could see these workers," Garry whispered to himself. Suddenly he became the Blackwell of the Orange. He sprang to the spot where stood the G. M.

"Give 'em a ride, boys, they've earned it this night," he yelled, and before the startled railroad marvel could protest, he found himself aloft on Blackwell's shoulders. The men surged in. The last Garry saw of the officials, they were sitting with assumed resignation on the shoulders of their worshipping employees.

Of the rest of the two-hour trip, Blackwell recalled little up to the time they whistled onto the plant tracks of the Midland.

Garry leaped off the caboose and fairly into the arms of Jimmy Nourse, who hugged him, then turned him over to a coterie of overjoyed department heads.

LOIS COLTRIN, a vision in silver tulle, leaned against the shoulder of Garry Blackwell, while he caressed her hair. She let him, this marvel of a girl, ignoring the imminent ruin of an elaborate coiffure. "But Garry," she was saying. "What will people say?" "About changing the date of the wedding?" He looked into the blue orbs she raised to him, clouded now, in attune with the pout of her soft mouth. Garry kissed her. In this pleasant occupation he was interrupted by a gruff cough.

"What's this I hear?" said the voice of Loren Coltrin.

"I intended to talk it over with you, sir," replied Garry, miserably.

"I dislike all changes, sir." Then, fiercely, "I won't have them!"

"Oh, yes you will, when you read this," Blackwell produced a long, official-looking envelope which he extended to the father of the girl he loved. Coltrin took it, extracted the contents and began to read.

"What do you know about that!" ejaculated Coltrin. "As if he were not already overbearably puffed up," this last apparently to himself.

Lois gazed from one to the other, for after all she differed little from any daughter of Eve.

"What in the world—" she began. Garry Blackwell grinned.

"An invitation from a very great man to spend our honeymoon aboard the flagship of the battle fleet during the—er—maneuvers," he said, reminiscently. "Thought you would want to accept, Lois dear."

Loren Coltrin faded quietly from the scene.



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DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why four speed transmissions are used abroad even in small touring cars?

2. What is the diameter of the wheel on which a 34x5 inch tire is used? Also a 37x5?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why can the brake on the propeller shaft be smaller than those used on the rear wheels?

Given the same pressure and type of braking surface, the braking effect is directly proportional to the amount of that surface. Braking effect on the rear wheels, however, must be greater than that required on the propeller shaft because of the rear axle gear reduction. If this rear axle gear reduction is 4.5 to one, a surface less than

one-quarter the area of the two rear wheel brakes will suffice for a brake on the propeller shaft because its retarding effect is multiplied by the amount of the rear axle gear reduction.

2. What are the advantages and disadvantages of alcohol in the radiator as an anti-freezing agent?

Pure alcohol will not freeze at any known temperature. A mixture of two parts of water to one of alcohol will protect the radiator in any of our normal northern climates. Alcohol does not attack the rubber hose connections and mingles naturally with the water as soon as it is poured into the radiator without the necessity of stirring or eventual operation of the engine. Its principal disadvantages are its present high cost and its low boiling point. This last feature causes it to evaporate rapidly and prevents the engine from being run at its most efficient temperature.

BACKWARD "PROGRESS"

AN engineer can accomplish almost anything that does not violate scientific or physical principles.

He can build a road that will carry a hundred tons, or he can build one that will break down under three tons. Unfortunately, the latter are by far in the majority.

Because we have thousands of miles of inferior roads in this country, built under conditions of graft, incompetence and political abuse that are a blot on our system of government, we find the legislatures of some forty-two States endeavoring to promote laws which literally throw carbon in the cylinders of progress. Some of these bills are based on a common-sense attitude and endeavor to adjust the requirements of the truck and car owner to the limitations of State and County appropriations.

But the wealthiest, the most populous and, presumably, the most progressive State of the Union is endeavoring to retard its commercial development by at least a decade through the presentation for enactment of a bill which would virtually limit the use of roads to motor trucks which would not damage our highways of a quarter of a century ago. New York State which in pride calls itself the Empire State, is actually causing efficient transportation interests concern over the possibility of a bill which will tax five-ton trucks five hundred dollars a year, and vehicles of over that capacity an additional tax of about one hundred dollars a ton, thus extracting from the owner of a seven-and-a-half-ton truck a license fee amounting to about eight hundred dollars.

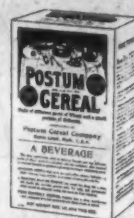
To be sure, it does not seem possible that such a bill could pass both houses of the Legislature and receive the signature of the Governor, but the fact that such a law even can be given serious consideration in this age when transportation enters so largely into the life and habits of every one of our population, is an evidence that New York is not the great and enlightened

State which her patriotic citizens would have us believe.

Roads can be built of designs and materials which will render them capable of carrying the heaviest loads that can be economically hauled. Modern engine, truck and axle design has decided upon seven to eight tons as the maximum capacity of the most economical, long distance hauling vehicle, while four to five tons is the average and most popular vehicle for inter-city hauling. Unfortunately the roads of New York State have heretofore been built with a sad disregard of the most efficient means and conditions of highway transportation, and the five-and-seven-ton truck is now being used by these adherents of graft as an "alibi" to cover up the wretched lack of foresight which failed to prevent the construction of toy roads incapable of withstanding normal twentieth century highway traffic.

But one of the worst features of such legislation is the fact that it is directed at what, under many conditions, may be the most economical means of freight transportation, without obtaining in return an adequate protection for our roads as they are already built. It is true that a heavy truck will wear a soft road more rapidly than will a lighter vehicle—provided that lighter vehicle is driven at the same speed. But speed is a factor not taken into consideration, although we all know that the two three-and-a-half-ton trucks required to do the work of one seven-ton truck will be driven at a speed considerably greater than will the heavier vehicle. Speed produces wear almost as much as does weight, and the road which is built of so light a foundation and thin or soft a surface as to break through under seven-ton loads will stand up but little longer under those of three and four tons driven at the higher speeds always attendant upon the use of lighter vehicles. Furthermore, the effect on the road is influenced largely by the kind of tires used, and we

(Concluded on page 358)



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POSTUM

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TO the readers of this department not the least interesting and important features of President Harding's inaugural address are those which have a bearing on trade and finance. Those portions of the speech show a soundness and sanity which must reassure the business world and the investing public. They promise a conservative, and yet constructive, governmental policy which should prove extremely helpful to our much-disorganized industry and commerce.

The President virtually sums up his position in the following paragraph: "I speak for administrative efficiency, for lightened tax burdens, for sound commercial practices, for adequate credit facilities, for sympathetic concern for all agricultural problems, for the omission of unnecessary interference of Government with business, for an end to Government's experiment in business, and for more efficient business in Government administration."

The President also says: "My most reverent prayer for America is industrial peace with its rewards widely and generally distributed amid the inspirations of equal opportunity." He declares that "ties of trade bind nations in closest intimacy," and remarks that "in the new order of finance and trade we need to promote enlarged activities and seek expanded confidence."

To sentiments such as these there will be no objection on the part of any right-thinking American. The President's advocacy, later in his address, of a protective tariff arouses the opposition of those who incline towards free trade. The condition that confronts us, however—a possible enormous dumping of cheap manufactured products from abroad—seems to render the free traders' attitude less prudent at this time than ever before. The argument that nations which are our debtors cannot pay their dues except through a direct importation of their own goods, and therefore should not be required to pay an interest tax on these, is fallacious. They don't necessarily have to sell to us; they can sell to other people and thus obtain the money they owe us. For instance, France cannot dispose here of her wines, but she can ship them to other countries. A reasonable rate of duty will not keep out our debtors' offerings entirely, though it may tend to lessen the amounts offered and so take the debtors longer to meet their debts than if they had unrestricted access to our market.

We certainly shall need all the revenue we can obtain from duties to amplify the current assets of the Government. It is simply a common-sense view that as our own producers are required to pay taxes their foreign competitors in our home market should not be exempt. Then there is the practical question of the difference in wages paid here and in other lands. American workmen should be safeguarded against the competition of the ill-paid workers of foreign nations. If no check is put on importations, American producers

will find the home market largely wrested from them and their demand for labor, and their ability to pay labor ample wages, will decrease.

President Harding's insistence on protection, therefore, is in line with his other valuable suggestions of an economic nature. Putting his principles into full effect would restore normalcy and would work out a stable prosperity. For that reason the change of administration at Washington may prove to have been one of the most desirable steps in the universal readjustment process.

With so much of unsettlement still in evidence all over the world it was overoptimistic to expect the utterances of a wise new President to create all at once a boom in the stock market. It is going to take time to exemplify the value of President Harding's intentions and acts. Developments must necessarily be slow and we must exercise patience. But the country is now pointing in the right direction. It is moving on the safe track. Business bids fair in a reasonable length of time to emerge from its difficulties and move onward and upward to a satisfactory condition.

C., HUNTINGTON, L. I.: The 8 per cent. secured gold notes of the Copper Export Association, Inc., mature in 1922, 1923, 1924, and 1925. They were offered at prices yielding from 8 per cent. to 8.3 per cent., according to maturity. They are secured by 400,000,000 pounds of refined copper valued at 20 cents per pound. Principal and interest are guaranteed by seventeen copper-producing companies. Their safety cannot be questioned.

D., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.: I consider International Mercantile Marine pfd. at current price an excellent business man's investment. The shipping business is not prosperous at present, but the Mercantile Marine Corp. is doing passably well. It probably can maintain the 6 per cent. dividend on preferred, and there are arrears of 42 per cent. to be paid. Last year the Corporation reduced the arrears to some extent, but it is not expected to do so this year.

S., DETROIT, MICH.: For a man with only "a few thousand dollars" and without experience in the business to go into the drilling of oil wells is a wild scheme. The costs of drilling a single well would far more than exhaust your capital. I will not undertake to decide which would be the best field in which to sink a well. The best course for you would be to invest your money in shares of well-established dividend paying oil companies, such as the Standard Oil issues.

F., WHEELING, W. VA.: Among the attractive public utility issues, which you might consider, are the Monongahela Valley Traction Company's 7 per cent. general mortgage bonds. Through pledge of underlying bonds the general mortgage shares in the first mortgage on important portions of the system's property. The indenture provides exceptional protection to the bondholders. The bonds are due July 1, 1923. Quoted recently to yield about 8.95 per cent.

K., KANSAS CITY, MO.: The Consumers Power Company supplies service to more than seventy cities and towns in lower Michigan, an important industrial section. The company is paying dividends on stock and its net earnings for the past fiscal year were twice its annual interest charges. Its 7 per cent. serial gold debentures, due Feb. 1, 1923-1927, are therefore looked upon as reasonably safe and a desirable purchase at recent price, yielding about 8 1/2 per cent.

J., PORTLAND, MAINE: The Danish Consolidated Municipal Loan 25-year 8 per cent. sinking fund external gold bonds are unconditionally guaranteed by the Kingdom of Denmark as to principal, interest and sinking fund. They are due February 1, 1946. The bonds total \$15,000,000 and are divided into two series. Series A, \$7,000,000, are the joint obligations of twenty-seven Danish municipalities, and series B, \$8,000,000, the joint obligations of

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Under This Heading

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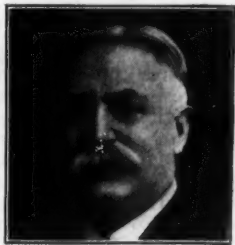
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Copenhagen and Frederiksberg. The bonds are redeemable at 107½ per cent. The sinking fund will redeem the entire issue at or before maturity. The credit of Danish municipalities is high. Price of these issues to yield 8.20 per cent.

H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: The State of Florida Everglades Drainage 6 per cent. bonds are an indirect obligation of the State and therefore are probably safe.

D., KINGSTON, PA.: B. B. & R. Knight 8 per cent. pld., Wickwire Spencer 8 per cent. pld., and Riordon Co., Ltd., 8 per cent. bonds are all well regarded and may be bought with confidence.

M., YONKERS, N. Y.: The first mortgage 6 per cent. serial bonds based on the National Association Office Building, N. Y. City, are safeguarded by the Straus plan and are well regarded. Federal income tax up to 4 per cent. is paid by the borrower.

L., BOSTON, MASS.: Your selection of Atlantic Coast Line 1st 4's Central Pacific 1st 4's, Atchafalaya gen. 4's, Rock Island gen. 4's, L. & N. unified 4's, and Reading gen. 4's for the investment of your \$15,000 is a judicious one. The bonds are all high grade.

S., TRENTON, N. J.: United Cigar Stores 7 per cent. pld., Standard Milling 6 per cent. pld., Pressed Steel Car 7 per cent. pld., and Railway Steel Spring 7 per cent. pld. are among the best class of preferred stocks and you need not hesitate to buy them at current prices.

C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: The Central Sugar Corporation's 8 per cent. ten-year convertible gold notes are an attractive purchase. They were offered some time ago at a price to yield over 8½ per cent. The company pays Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. It owns and operates large sugar estates in Cuba.

N., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: You can safely buy City of Omaha municipal gas 5 per cent. bonds. They are exempt from Federal income tax, are eligible for security for postal savings deposits and legal investments for savings banks in New York and other States. Quotations on these bonds were recently at prices to yield 5.15 per cent. to 5.75 per cent., according to maturity.

H., KWANE, ILL.: Among reasonably safe bonds yielding more than 8 per cent. are American Writing Paper 6's, 1920, Atlantic Gulf 5's, 1920, International Agricultural 5's, 1920, Wilson & Co. 6's, 1920, Virginia Carolina Chemical 5's, 1920, and deb. 6's, 1924, B. & O. convertible 4½'s, 1923, C. & O. convertible 4½'s, 1920, Rock Island ref. 4's, 1924, Erie gen. 4's, 1920.

G., PROVIDENCE, R. I.: The high rating placed on real estate mortgages by the large life insurance companies is shown by the fact that the companies' investments in this line now exceed \$2,000,000,000 or more than 80 per cent. of the total assets of the American companies. If you will make sure of dealing with a responsible firm and buy the best securities of this character you will make no mistake in putting \$5,000 into them.

K., NEW YORK: St. Louis & S. F. series A prior lien 4's are a safe purchase, for even a young man of only twenty-one. I prefer them to Anaconda 7's but the latter are reasonably secure. The real estate bonds sold by S. W. Straus and the Realty Associates Investment Corp. are among the safest in the market. There is a good purchase in Liberty Third 4½'s of 1928. These would yield about 5.85 per cent. on recent price if they were held until maturity.

A., HARRISBURG, PA.: The Sharon Steel Hoop Company operates several plants manufacturing pig iron, steel ingots, hoops, plates, fire proofing material, etc. The company's 1st mortgage twenty-year 8 per cent. fund gold bonds series A are issued to retire all underlying bonds and for other purposes. Earnings for the past year were seven times interest charges. Federal normal income tax up to 2 per cent. and Pennsylvania State tax are paid by the company. The bonds are quoted at par.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1921.

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Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange can be had from S. H.

Wilcox & Co., 238 Broadway, New York. The advantages of using such options are set forth in descriptive booklet L, which will be sent on request.

The important question of averaging, in all its phases, is explained fully in "Five Successful Methods of Operating in the Stock Market," written by an expert and issued by Sexsmith & Co., 107 Liberty Street, New York. Ask the company for edition D-4.

The situation in the business and financial world is clearly presented weekly by the widely known "Bache Review," greatly appreciated by investors and business men. For a copy, write to J. S. Bache & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Two topics of current interest, "Pure Oil's Splendid Record" and "Great Asset Value of U. S. Steel" are discussed in the latest issue of "Securities Suggestions" published by R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York. Copies will be sent free on request for L-4.

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To the many persons interested in the Reading segregation plan, a special impartial analysis of the Reading situation, as well as the general railroad outlook, contained in "Investment Survey" will be of particular interest. The publication is issued by Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York. Investors should send for a copy of it and also ask the company for its twenty-payment systematic savings plan.

There is always a right way in which to invest money, and also a wrong way. The results of investing in both these ways are clearly set forth in a new and interesting pamphlet, "Two Men and Their Money," issued by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 106 Burt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. The firm handles 7 per cent. first mortgage bonds, denominations \$100 to \$1,000, maturing in two to ten years and purchasable on the partial payment plan, if desired. Write to it for its valuable pamphlet above referred to.

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The Winged Revolution

(Concluded from page 347)

late war, could have starved the German Armies on the western front into defeat inside of two months, had they been able to operate with the impunity guaranteed by control of the air.

A strong and well-balanced air force, if stationed in New Jersey, for instance, could protect our east coast from Maine to the Chesapeake Bay, and our northern frontier as far west as Chicago. Only the extreme mobility of the airplane and the airship make such an undertaking possible. It is this very mobility which singles out the Air Service and places it far above the rank of an auxiliary arm.

Consider the possibilities which this extreme mobility, coupled with terrible destructive power, opens up. An adequate aerial defense organization centered in New Jersey might, on one day, meet and destroy an enemy fleet two hundred miles out at sea. This accomplished, it could turn its attention overnight to the disorganization of enemy land forces threatening our northeastern frontier. Should a sudden and greater danger then appear in the shape of a fleet off the west coast, mobilization across the continent could be effected in forty-eight hours, assuring the defense of the Golden Gate. Or if the danger point were Alaska, such a force could reach the Arctic Circle in a hundred hours, where its communication with a base of supplies within the United States would be assured by giant cargo airships of types now building in England, capable of flying a straightaway course of ten thousand miles, each laden with supplies sufficient to maintain a thousand airplanes on a fighting basis for twenty-four hours.

It should be added, however, that the Army and the Navy do require observation airplanes in time of war. These planes must be under their tactical control. Under the plan now being considered in Washington for a separate and unified air

force to consist of pursuit, bombing, and attack airplanes, provision is made for an observation branch whose trained personnel and technical equipment will come from the Air Service, but whose tactical operations in peace and war will be controlled by the Army and Navy, each being assigned the requisite quota of observation craft. The land and sea establishments will not, therefore, as they seem to fear, lose control of this most valuable auxiliary branch when the "winged revolution" finally achieves the independence of aviation.

The plan in question does not propose to saddle the country with the maintenance of a standing air force sufficient to prosecute a war from start to finish. Not even England is doing that. It proposes to create a Department of Aeronautics, to establish an Air Service Academy for the training of competent officers, and to maintain a regular and reserve force of three thousand airplanes, together with personnel, equipment, and a strategic system of airdromes throughout the country. This modest establishment is intended primarily as an aerial nucleus about which to build up rapidly a strong fighting arm in the event of war and as a basic element around which will be created, in time of peace, a national aircraft industry and a national civil flying program which, in time of war, would furnish the reserves of trained men and material essential to victory.

What would such an air establishment cost? According to information now in the hands of Congress, it would involve, during the next three years, an annual expenditure of about \$45,000,000. That is about the cost of one battleship. It is about a third of what is being spent this year on aerial insecurity.

With all the world forging ahead in the new province of the air, what is America going to do?

Motor Department

(Concluded from page 355)

have already shown that badly worn solid tires produce much greater road wear than do properly designed cushion tires of pneumatics.

We have cited many times, to the shame of New York State, that during the war when transportation necessities demanded the best of railroad, waterway, highway and truck service, a fleet of express trucks on regular service between Akron, Ohio, and Boston were forced to travel over the mountainous roads of Pennsylvania because the all-water-level highways of New York were not provided with bridges of adequate strength to hold the five and six-ton loads carried in these vehicles. It will cost New York State a pretty penny to rebuild its bridges and reconstruct its highways. To make present inadequate highway construction and bridges serve their purposes is merely to postpone the day when all must be rebuilt, for even in the event of the passage of this bill, progress cannot stop, and eventually blind legislatures will see the mistake of endeavoring to restrict transportation efficiency to the standards set by road construction of a decade ago.

But is the motor truck the great destroyer of country roads? Cannot any one of us remember the time when good roads failed to withstand even bicycle, buggy and horse-wagon traffic? It is not always the vehicle that destroys the road so much as climatic conditions and lack of proper construction. A road not properly drained or protected against frost will "go to pieces" within a few years even though not a wheel passes over it. And again we see

that the "heavy truck" is merely the blanket used to cover incompetency and graft in road construction.

Politics, it is said, enters largely into the motives back of such bills. It is even claimed that the railroads favor such restrictive legislation as will limit the highways only to the use of inefficient vehicles. We cannot feel, however, that the executive and managerial brains, which have made our railroads the vital factors that they are today, could take this antiquated view of motor truck "competition." Given properly operated motor vehicles and adequate hard-surfaced highways extending in all directions from railroad shipping centers, and the railroad cannot fail to draw increased business from the territory covered by such a highway transportation system. Trucks and highways serve as feeders to the railroads and open territories which could not be profitably served by branch lines.

However, pressure is a vital necessity in the defeat of such obstructive legislation. Even the man who does not own a car and who seldom has occasion to carry himself over the highways in question, is dependent upon these same highways for the efficient and economical transportation of his food, clothing and household necessities. If he feels that he saves a tax through the passage of a bill which will limit transportation efficiency, he must remember that he will be taxed even more, though indirectly, through the increased cost of freight hauled by uneconomical means.

Special Opportunities

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Sales Agent Wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth \$750 to \$1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Company, 238 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Crew Managers and Agents! Biggest surprise of the age in the portrait line. Something absolutely new. Will revolutionize portrait industry. Tremendous sales possibilities with this exclusive line. Write today. Culver Art and Frame Co., Dept. C-5, Westerville, Ohio, or Chicago, Ill.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell Guaranteed made-to-measure Raincoats. \$50 to \$75 weekly. Highest commission. Profit in advance. Outfit free. Standard Raincoat Co., 163 W. 21st., N.Y.

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We pay \$200 monthly salary and furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company X-676, Springfield, Ill.

SONG WRITERS

Songwriters! Learn of the public's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide" sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 307 Gaity Bldg., N.Y.

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Government Clerks Needed badly (Men, Women) \$1600-\$2800. No experience required. Few to travel. Write Mr. Oment, Former Government Examiner, 483 St. Louis.

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Get Highest Cash Prices for New or Broken jewelry, diamonds, watches, gold, silver, or platinum, in any amount or form, magneto-points, false teeth, war bonds, war stamps, unused postage—anything of value. Send by mail or express. Cash sent in return at once. Goods returned in 10 days if you're not satisfied. The Ohio Smelting & Refining Co., 233 Lennox Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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costs \$2.75 a line. A discount of 15% is allowed when six or more consecutive issues are used. Minimum space, four lines.

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Manufacturers or others using space in this column can give a brief outline of their merchandise, proposition, or services, and then either complete the sale or encourage business with descriptive catalogs and follow-up. This suggestion is offered to prove the value of good advertising, with a view that some day, appreciating its value, your business will increase and you can use space on a larger scale.

When ordering space please send complete "follow up" so we can be thoroughly conversant regarding your offering.

A Woman Who Saved the World

THERE were anxious hearts in England that July morning over three centuries ago. The long-expected *Invincible Armada* had been sighted in the English Channel, covering the seas as far as the eye could reach. Spain, mistress of the ocean, rich with the spoils of the New World, and drunk with the lust of conquest, had dispatched this mighty fleet to destroy England, the only remaining obstacle in her path to world dominion—that England to whom the oppressed and outraged peoples of Continental Europe looked as their sole protector and refuge.

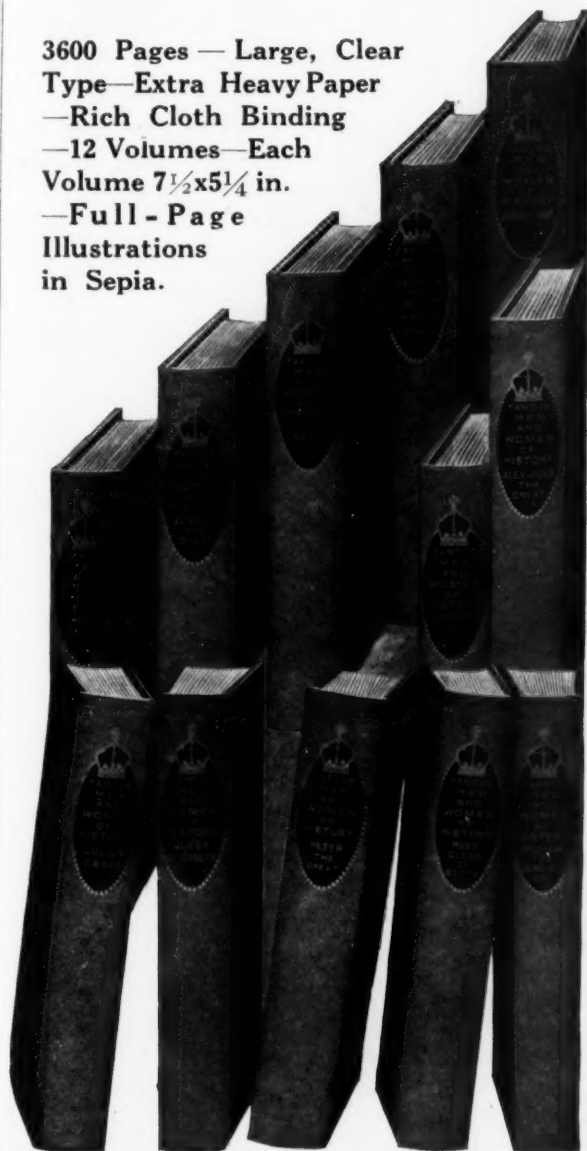
But a lion-hearted woman sat on the English Throne, and Elizabeth was prepared. With smashing blows her gallant admirals drove their stout little ships against the giant, gilded galleons of Philip of Spain, scattering and shattering them, hanging on like wasps to the huge naval structures, as for ten days they drove the terrified Dons before them, while from every promontory on the shores anxious eyes strained through the smoke of battle, and heavy hearts grew lighter in prayers of thanksgiving as one by one the sails of the fleeing enemy disappeared beneath the waves.

As in the World War, England's fleet saved the day for Civilization—but it was a woman, Queen Elizabeth, who made England *Mistress of the Seas*. Read this story, and hundreds of others just as thrilling, as told by the famous American historian, Abbott, in



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No other set of books ever written shows so convincingly that Fiction ever lags after Truth, that the wildest imaginings of the romancer after all fall far short of the *real facts* of History. The Romantic facts that the authors have brought out in strong relief in this series, giving the lives of the world's most famous characters, demonstrate how unfruitful is invention, and how cold and barren is imagination, in contrast with what life itself can show in those ever changing circumstances that make of every fully lived life a romance. The heights and depths, the lights and shadows, in the lives of historical characters, who, instead of being creatures of circumstances, have moulded circumstances to their will, are full of valuable lessons, aside from affording that variety of interest which is ever the mother of enjoyment.

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The woman who made England "Mistress of the Seas" and in so doing saved the world from a Prussian military autocracy.

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One of the noblest names in all history, whose figure looms through the mist of ten centuries at the very beginning of the world-encircling history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

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Greatest of the Czsars; the type of man most needed in Russia today.

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A romantic figure whose *affaires d'amour* kept her subjects and half the courts of Europe in hot water.

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Founder of the British Empire; the man who made a dream come true.

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A royal degenerate; a startling illustration of the influence of heredity on character.

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Leslie's 3-26-21

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

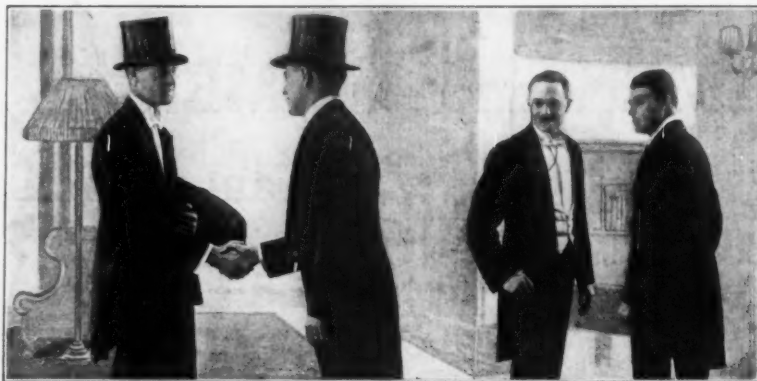
"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic

principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.



"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle"

The first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six. Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what, that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet,—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has

that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, of John E. Price & Co., Seattle, Wash. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week.

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

SEND NO MONEY

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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